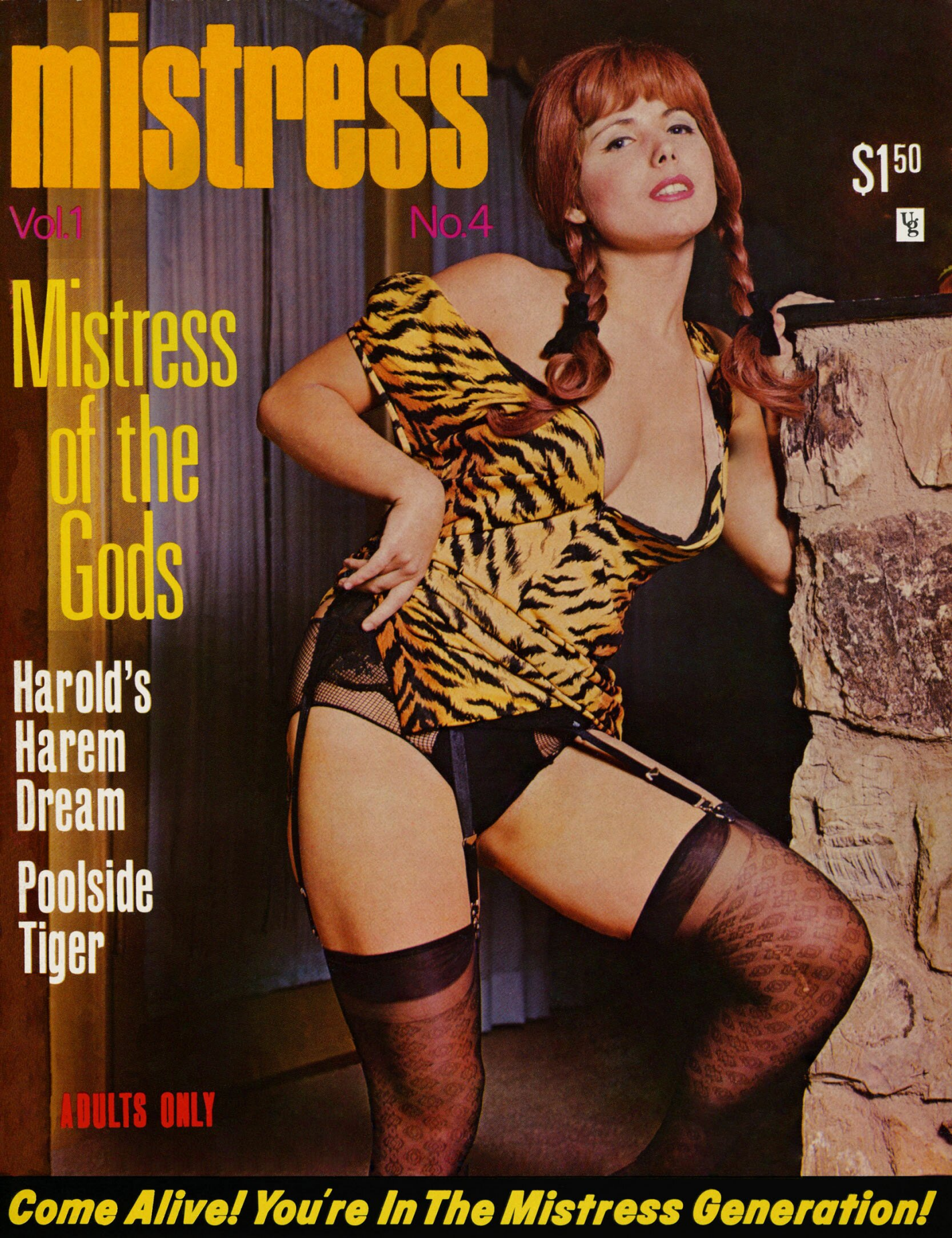

mistress
Vol.1
No.4
$1.50
Mistress of the Gods
Harold's Harem Dream
Poolside Tiger
ADULTS ONLY
Come Alive! You're In The Mistress Generation!

mistress!

VOL 1 NO. 4

CONTENTS

PICTORIALS

POOLSIDE TIGER 4

HAROLD'S HAREM DREAM. 19

A DILLY FROM PHILLY 30

FANNY GET YOUR GUN 44

SILKIE THE STOCKING SULTRESS 54

MOODY MONA 64

FICTION

KILL ME, DARLING . . . . . *J. T. Sherman* . . 14

ARTICLE

TO SWAP OR NOT TO SWAP HER . . . *J. P. Raymond* . . 26

FEATURE

MISTRESS OF THE GODS . . . . . *Stewart Rodin* . . 42

D and R Inc., 1504 N. Gardner Ave., Los Angeles, California. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted from the publisher. Copyright D and K Inc., 1965. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a self addressed stamped envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. Any similarity between persons living or dead and characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs used for any purpose in this magazine are posed by professional models.

April 1966
Printed USA
Published Bi-Monthly

POOLSIDE TIGER

After a hard night's swinging at a local pub as a topless dancer, Paula Kent likes nothing better than a plunge in her pool.

Because Paula deliberately chose a dwelling that will afford her maximum privacy to indulge her every whim, she often goes in wearing only her birthdaysuit.

Although she would prefer to have her own private lifeguard -- she's settled for a lifesaver. "Often they're safer than the real kind."

She's so hard bent on water frolicks that Paula wouldn't dream of getting serious about a guy if he couldn't swim. A fact that perhaps explains why in her neighborhood there are more men brushing up on their strokes than anywhere else in the country.

Pretty Paul Kent ---
a real live water lily in full blossom
if there ever was one.

KILL ME, DARLING

The strangest girl and the strangest bawdy house anywhere.

By J. T. Sherman

Fred Dunn wanted a woman. He had travelled into Manila on the hot Saulog bus, after being 3 months in the jungle on Bataan, sweating like the animals he trapped for the San Francisco zoo. By the time the bus let him out on the Escolta, it was about ten o'clock in the evening and the moon was up over the bay -- sailing like a mad white ball over the clear sky stippled with stars. But the air had a chill and the wind felt like a knife at his throat.

He knew where to go. A block away a **caromatta** driver lolled against his cart. Fred hailed him. **"Ano ba, dzing?"** he asked easily in Tagolog. The brownskinned Filipino recognized him. He had taken him to the "stockades" before; to the women who made a man happy for 5 pesos, short-time, 10 pesos, all night. "Hello, FredDunn," he said, pronouncing Fred's name as one word. **"Gusto mo an babae?"**

"Yes, I want a woman, Dudong," Fred replied.

"O-o, yes," answered Dudong, his eyes twinkling.

"I don't want to go to a house . . . I want a private place. One woman -- **isang babae**, understand -- **intende ba?"**

"Sure, PredDunn . . . just one **babae** for you. I know. Beautiful one, half Chinese, half Espanish. Good . . . very good!"

Fred hopped in the carro-[illegible], the Filipino jiggled the [illegible] and the pony moved off, [illegible] through many twisting [illegible] away from the teeming [illegible]own Manila. No names [illegible] anything, the cobbled alleys seemed to stifle the wind, and the steady pace of the pony seemed to pull time back against the darkened buildings. Fred puffed a cigarette, thinking of what an Eurasian woman with Chinese-Spanish blood would look like. He smiled with his impatience, but he knew Filipinos and that he would be taken care of, just as he wanted to be.

They came to a dirt street that seemed all shuttered up, like its buildings; a ghost street in the heart of a city with a million people living in each other's laps. The buildings were all wood, all ramshackle and flush with each other, grey, paintless, lifeless structures.

In one window, a light shone . . . the **carromatta** creaked up to it and stopped. A battered shingle moved listlessly in the slight breeze. Fred sat up sharply . . . the sign said BED AND BOARD. There was a dead plant in a pot by the door.

The driver got out and knocked on the door. It creaked open and Dudong disappeared from view. In a few moments he was back.

"We get some **Rhum Cana**, come back," he said.

"Okay." Rum and some cokes and some limes would be just fine . . . he thought.

"Is it set, Dudong?" he asked.

"The woman is alone, and waiting for you," he answered.

A few blocks away they found a small groceteria and in moments were back at the house. He paid Dudong, told him to come back and check in 3 hours, in case . . . in case he wanted more booze or in case he didn't want to stay the night.

Fred went up and peered through the window before knocking. He saw a low light from the wall, and one emanating from another room splash-

ing into the comfortably suited living room. On a throw rug in the corner, a beautiful Siamese cat lay curled up asleep with its head serenely laid on its paws. The room, as much as he could see of it in the available light, was not what he had expected. The furniture was rattan, but seemed to be well kept up, and there were even some American pieces, a nice sofa, and a piano, a guitar hung up on the wall, and in another corner, in a cage, a tropical bird, which he instantly recognized as a cockatoo. Well, it's no zoo, he thought, but the animals there comforted him, and he clucked satisfactorily to himself.

As he started to knock, a strange sensation came over him. He suddenly changed his mind, and didn't want to go in. He thought a moment, and without knowing why, turned to walk away.

Strange. He stopped in midstride, when his eye was caught by the dangling shingle just above his eye-level. He couldn't take his eyes off the sign, BED AND BOARD. It shrieked at him. He giggled crazily to himself. BED AND BROAD, it should be. BED AND BROAD . . . but the words compelled him, the letters stood out in his mind like monuments of black marble, hypnotic; forcing him back to the door, forcing his hand upward to knock, hard, and before he knew what was happening, the door had opened and he was inside the house. So quickly had it happened, Fred was hardly aware that he hadn't had to wait any amount of time. The woman stood there, just beyond reach, as he quietly closed the door behind him.

His heart jumped to see her there so close. She was beautiful, tall with the copper of her race shining on her skin like voluptuous fire. She was about 25 or 26 years old, with features and figure that emphasized the best physical attributes of her nationalities. Her eyes had just the slightest cant to them, high cheekbones, full firm breasts, long slender legs, and slim dainty ankles. She wore a Chinese kimona that was partially buttoned in front, of red and gold overlay design in dragons and ming trees . . . the high collar accentuating her slim sensuous throat.

"I -- the driver . . ." he stammered, feeling foolish. Hell, he knew what he had come for. She was more than he had expected, however. "I know," she said, in a remarkably cultured voice with an elusive accent that was neither Filipino, Spanish, nor Chinese . . . but something like a woman educated in Hong Kong would have.

"I brought this," he said, holding the sack of rum, coke and calamansi.

"Let me take. I will make a drink for you. I have been waiting as you wished." Her speech pattern was a curious mixture of patois and culture. She looked like a sexy El Greco woman. High bred, high class, Fred thought.

"Please sit down," she said graciously. Fred found himself moving on her words as though he were on strings. The desire that was in him was strong, very strong, and yet he didn't feel like a customer, but as one allowed to visit a queen on good behavior.

"I just got back from Bataan, the jungle . . . the sign outside, says . . ."

"You shall have a bed, and supper, breakfast in the morning, if you wish. Everything is **all** ready for you." Her soft eyes flashed.

"How much is it?"

"That's up to you. Ten peso alright?" Then she paused. "That includes **everything**."

It couldn't be. Hell, he had paid that much for a romp in one of the stockades in Cavite, with the cold, unfeeling professionals, who treated the sailors and the fat johns like victims on an assembly line of flesh. He had been prepared to pay 50 pesos to stay the night, or at least 20.

"That's fine," he said. "But make it 20 pesos even. No supper, but breakfast sounds like a good deal."

"Alright. Loosen your shirt, make yourself comfortable, while I mix you a drink."

She moved off in a rustle of efficiency, his eyes following her, drinking in all her movements like the hunter of animals he was. The impetuous desire that had begun in the jungle seemed to return in the gleam that shot his eyes with light, as they narrowed to focus on her departing hips. He loosened his shirt and sank back in the chair with a faint smile flickering on his lips.

"Move over here, you'll be more comfortable." She put the drinks on a small table in front of the davenport. "My name is Carmen Go."

"Fred Dunn. Nice to know you, Carmen." What a name, he thought. Carmen, as Spanish as Don Juan, and Go -- Chinese, but swingingly American. He laughed inside. Go . . I hope so.

"Welcome, to my house, my home, Fred. It isn't often that I have visitors, and I want them to be comfortable."

What the hell's she talking about . . .? he thought. She has a pimps, probably several of the carromattand jeepney drivers, and she says she doesn't have many visitors. No wonder she charges only ten pesos . . . she probably is a flip, or gets bagged on opium all the time. She doesn't look goofy though, and seems a professional, with all the charm, the oriental abilities to make a man feel like a man wants to feel.

"I would think that you would be very popular . . . you're beautiful, you are gracious and you don't overcharge."

"Yes, Dudong comes here quite often to knock at the door. But I am careful whom I entertain. Do you know what I mean?"

"Sure." But Fred wasn't sure.

"I try to keep everything nice here for the right one who might come along. When a gentleman, such as you are, Fred, drops into my house, I am pleased and the waiting is worthwhile. When I saw you sitting outside and after I talked to Dudong, I knew you were **just right**. Now, sitting here, I realize I was not wrong in my judgment . . . you are exactly right." She was leaning forward and her breasts peeked like soft white pigeons from her tunic, as her eyes went over Fred's body like a comb of fingers, feeling every muscle of him, as appraising as an expert in anatomy.

Sipping his drink, Fred coughed. "Move over closer, Carmen," he rasped.

A minute, please," she said; her voice sounding like the tinkle of delicate Chinese bells. Reaching behind her, she brought a large, thin log book from the table near the end of the couch. It looked like a ledger.

"Please sign my guestbook, Fred, before we become too comfortable?"

She handed him a pen, and his puzzled look vanished as he signed his name a third of the way down the page. What the hell, he thought. The other names leaped from the pages . . . names he had heard somewhere, but couldn't place. There were only four. He was the fifth to sign. He looked up from the book and around the room. The cat was still asleep in the corner . . . the guitar on the wall looked homey, the large chair where he first sat, still warm with his impression slowly fading. He looked at the ledger again.

"Another drink?" she asked.

"Oh, sure . . . sure," he answered, as she rose with their glasses.

The names bothered him. Frank Todd, James Blanding, Patrick Foster, Robert F. Martain. Familiar. Common, maybe . . . but he rolled them around his mind, and even pronounced them aloud, to see if they rang more of a bell.

"Frank Todd? Pat Foster?" His mind racing through the files of his memory.

Carmen walked in in the middle of his voice.

"Wonderful men. All of them gentlemen, virile, and wonderful creatures of passion." She set the drinks down, moved past Fred and her fingers curled over his ears and hair. Her breasts were very close.

"Somehow, it seems as though I have heard their names before," he said.

"Perhaps you have."

"Really, I think so. Newspapers? Somewhere; were they famous men? Darn, I know I **should** be able to place them!"

"Famous men? No, I don't really know; I don't think so. But they were **Men**, and they were handsome and your age; much like you, with life right in the middle of them . . . all tall, sweet, and exactly like you!"

"Damn. I see there are dates entered." He pointed to the ledger which was now between them. "The last one is a year ago."

"Is it?" she breathed.

"Yeah. And the others are spaced about the same . . . damn, going back about five years."

"Well, you see, Fred, what I said before is true. I don't entertain very much here. Now, drink your drink, and relax . . I can come to you now, now that you have signed my special guest book." She looked warm and lovely in the soft light, and moved toward him with an easy movement, much like some of the king cobras he had trapped in India.

Her soft kiss was a delicate shock at his ear. The long fingernails brushing his cheek were like little electrics that shot through him, with a warm passionate threat deep in his loins. He bent toward her, and drew her close into his arms. "Oh, Carmen," he breathed in her ear, and she crumpled in the cage of his arms. He kissed her on the lips and she leaped like a porpoise. The dress fell away onto the rattan-matted floor. Her cries and whispers were husky in three languages, and the room lost all dimension for the next few moments.

"Carmen, you're beautiful," he said later. The jungle sweat was gone, replaced by the coolness of his own, mingled with hers. Back to reality, his mind went back to the guestbook.

"I think I read about those men in the newspapers, or at least one or two of them. I'll get it in a minute, damned if I won't."

"Darling, you make love very well."

"No, yes . . . Oh, I'm sorry, it's just that, something like that will bother a person a hell of a lot, until they remember, and I'm sure that I should know what it is that bothers me about those men."

"Fred, I have some delicious liqueur that I give to my special guests after they have made love and are happy. Let me get it for you."

She rose and disappeared, leaving Dunn to riffle through his mind for the elusive thoughts that tiptoed just beyond the borders of his consciousness. He felt idiotic.

"Dammit all," he shouted. "Frank Todd . . . wasn't that the guy who escaped the death march on Bataan, and came back here after the war to see the buddies who helped him hide out from the Japs? And then . . ."

"Try this," she said, handing him a dainty glass of liqueur.

"Thanks . . . and yes, all of a sudden . . ."

"No, I don't think it was the same man . . . this man didn't look like he had been through the war. He was young and strong and healthy. My Frank Todd was no fighter, but gentle and loving. But sit by me, Fred, hold me again.

Have some more liqueur?" She smiled with a warm come-on look, and ran her long fingers up and down Fred's arm and shoulder, causing the hackles to rise on his neck.

He moved to kiss her, and felt the desire rekindle inside him. He broke away and looked at her, wanting to gulp all her beauty in a single glance.

"That's better, my darling American." She refilled his glass and sipped from her 3/4 full one.

Fred sipped his new drink. Carmen raised hers to her lips. Neither of them spoke, appraising each other. Fred could feel her eyes, could feel them roaming over his body again, caressing his strong limbs with fiery glances. Looking at her, he was aware of a new smell that seemed to spring from her. It wasn't an unpleasant odor, rather reminiscent of medicine. Medicine? New car seats? Or was it like pickled pecans? He drained his glass, without knowing why, and set it on the table. Carmen filled it and passed it back.

"I thought you'd like my liqueur," she said. "Mr. Todd was crazy about it and drank it like it was water. My, he's a sweet one, too . . . like you are."

"Oh, then he has been here lately, I gather," Dunn said. His mind was still trying to place where he had heard the names. He was certain that he had read something in a magazine, or in the newspaper headlines . . .

"He's never left, Fred," she said, indignantly. "He's still here. So are all of them . . . they each have their own bedroom in the back. They're all here, together."

Fred set his glass down slowly and stared at the Eurasian beauty. She smiled, showing her white even teeth, the point of her tongue resting on the lower half. "You are a beautiful animal," she said. "Your blue eyes are the loveliest I have ever seen."

"They're really more grey, than blue, and 20-20," he said idiotically.

"Patrick Foster had blue eyes, not smokey like yours, but deep blue. He was younger than you, but looked mature. He was only twenty-two. I wouldn't have guessed it from the way he made love. But his body was like yours, strong and beautiful, and there wasn't a mark or a blemish on him.

"What?" asked Fred.

"His skin was as soft as a child's."

In the pause that followed, Fred picked up his glass, sipped from it and held it expectantly, waiting for Carmen to fill in the silence with something more. He sat there for a long time, staring into the corner of the room, gritting his teeth.

"The cockatoo, there in the cage," he said at last. "Damn. You know, that had me completely fooled when I first saw it from outside your window. I thought it was alive."

"Pity, but not any more," Carmen said sadly.

"An admirable job of taxidermy, of preservation," he said. "It doesn't look dead, at all, but ready to flap his wings or give out with a cry. Who did the work?"

"I did."

"You did? You're kidding?"

"No, I really did," she replied. "Did you notice my Wang Wei, in the other corner . . . my sweet kitten?" She indicated with a slight twist of her head, the Siamese curled up so comfortably on the cushion in the other corner. Fred stared at the animal, fascinated. It didn't breathe, either. He realized suddenly, that the cat had all the time been as lifeless and motionless as the cockatoo. He walked over and placed his hand carefully on the cat's back, and rubbed it gently. The spine was cold and hard, and when he riffled the hair to the side with his fingers he could see the skin underneath, pinkish and unmoistened and perfectly preserved.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "You are an amazing woman." He strode slowly back to the couch, looking at Carmen with deep fascination and awe. The woman was an artist. "You know animals," he said, with admiration. "It must be hard for you to -- to do a thing like you've done."

"Not really," she said. "It's a habit of mine to stuff all my pets when they die. I cannot bear to part with my little friends. Will you have another glass of liqueur?"

"Only a dash." When he sipped, he smacked his lips, and a small grimace played about his face. The damn thing tasted like almonds; bitter at that, and suddenly he didn't want any more.

"You put your name in my guest book, didn't you?"

"Sure, you remember."

"Fine, then if sometime later on, I happen to forget your name, then I can always open the book and look it up. I do that quite frequently with the others."

His eyes took on a weird cast, and Fred thought that she looked intensely Oriental at that moment, with the slanted eyes riding high on her cheekbones in the semi-light.

"Carmen," he breathed huskily, reaching out his arms. "One more time, huh?" His chest felt tight, like a man strapped in a gas chamber, his throat burning with fierce pepper.

"Yes, my love," she answered. Unbuttoning her tunic once again, she bared herself gracefully, her breasts rising and falling to the rhythm of her breathing. Moving toward Fred, in a huntress-like motion, her eyes flashed like rays of silk spun out by a spider on the corners of his fading vision. He remembered now. He remembered the men who had disappeared.

"You were the best of all," she whispered, as they embraced; and the room crashed black and utterly still about Fred Dunn.

HAROLD'S HAREM DREAM

Asleep one sultry summer night after a hard day's work in a pretzel factory, the models in Harold Gayblade's favorite and well handled men's magazine leaped from the pages and one by one proceeded to amuse him.

One dreamboat took a birthdaysuit swim in his tub. Another did sultry cartwheels, tumbles and back-bends in the living room. Each in her own way tried to outdo the others for Harold's selection.

One of the more delicious phases of the dream revolved around a hair pulling and clothes ripping tussle between an Indian maid, a topless waitress and a Hollywood stripper over him . . .

Harold's harem dream is the type of dream that every virile man probably has some time or other in his life -- and, do we have to add, hates to wake up to . . . . . .

TO SWAP OR NOT TO SWAP

Have you ever wondered what makes a guy swap his own wife? So have we. Writer J. P. Raymond comes up with some unusual answers.

by J. P. Raymond

Yes, they are, says respected sexologist Albert Ellis in a little known article on the subject.

But the doctor goes on to declare that everyone in our highly tense and over civilized society is a little weird one way or another.

No, say the swappers. We're not only sane, we represent an advanced stage of civilized life. We have risen above the primitive emotions of jealousy and sexual competition to a new height of maturity. We do what the social ninnys want to do but daren't. We do what people need to do. Our marriages are the only true marriages because we cut out the hatred caused by forced monogamy and allow ourselves and our mates the dignity of sexual freedom.

Ellis claims that wife switching is a relatively rare practice. The swappers claim more than a third of the married couples in the United States participate, at least for a time, in organized swappery and that the movement is growing. Their figure has a bit of braggadocio in it, but most sexologists believe, and even Ellis admits, the

incidence of wife swapping has been on the increase in the last ten years.

Wife swapping is one of the great, if underground, movements of our time. It's as evangelical as the missionaries in Fiji, as militant as the KKK, and some say, as full of rules as the U.S. Army. Basically, swapping consists of consenting to mutual adultery. That is to say, you and a pal agree to switch dates or mates, as the case might be, and your women agree to switch you for the purpose of obtaining a sexual change of scenery for the four of you. Afterwards, theoretically, you return to your original formation with no recriminations but rather new memories, new techniques and generally expanded horizons. In practice switching usually takes place within a larger group framework which has various degrees of organization.

Some switch clubs are young corporations, like nudist clubs, holding property in common and highly specific as to what their members may or may not do. One club has even prohibited its members from finding more than fifty percent of their sexual experiences with their marital partners! Most of the organizations are as casual as a gang of friends brought together by a shared hobby. The important point is that in all cases, the switching and experimentation is not of a marriage divorce pattern or a series of clandestine affairs but a public frank exchange of partners for the acknowledged purpose of sexual intercourse.

Evidence of the rise in swapping can be seen by the pretty obvious invitations in the Personals Column of most metropolitan newspapers. Not long ago, the Personals column of a widely read, national posh posh literary magazine contained some of the hottest reading in town. "Fun loving couple wants introduction to other couples similarly inclined. Object enjoyment," reads a typical ad. "Broad minded couple wants foursome, sixsome or you name it," or "Don't answer this ad, unless you mean business. We do. Write Box 62 if you intend to go for broke."

Even more startling are the proposals in the underground sex magazines that crisscross the country via, to his considerable frustration and chagrin, Uncle Sam's mail. These magazines or newspapers are about the size and shape of a campus paper and consist almost entirely of want ads. The variety of sexual solicitations they contain comprises a liberal education in itself. Swapping heads the list but masochism, fetishism, voyeurism and even stranger and less savory practices are offered. Eventually Uncle Sam catches up with and closes down on the individual papers. It's like popping bubbles in a Coca Cola bottle. For every one hit, there are ten more to take its place.

Who buys these papers? Who reads them? It's difficult to estimate. They come through the mail in plain envelopes, are opened in private and answered secretly and the paper itself is destroyed. The addresses advertised in the columns are all anonymous post office boxes. Wariness about the possibility of interference by the vice squad makes initial contact devious and time consuming.

Legal and social pressures force the swappers to deny their practices publicly. For example, a woman who was a known swapper would have a difficult time obtaining alimony if she were divorcing her husband, would stand a good chance to lose her husband if he chose to use that as an excuse to dump her and would certainly lose her children, husband or no, if any interested relative made a serious attempt to remove them from her "pernicious" influence. Society doesn't lean quite so heavily on male swappers, but many of the big companies and professional groups take a paternalistic attitude and apply economic sanctions to sexual non-conformity.

In spite of their position as an "oppressed minority group" switchers claim to have a fat proportion of middle and upper income brackets, as well as a thick slice of the executive and professional groups within their ranks. In fact the switchers lay claim to an above average IQ and above average job responsibility. "We're the intelligentsia. We're the leaders," one of their number defiantly told a police officer recently. If this boast is even partly true, your next door neighbor might swap, or your banker.

If swapping clubs can exist in neighborhood communities unsuspected by the "squares," how long might they have been around without anyone being the wiser?

How far back does wife switching go? Did it spring from the wicked twentieth century along with the atomic bomb, germ warfare and other abominations? Was it practiced in the Gay Nineties? What about the Victorians? Did they "swing?"

Probably we'll never know. Positively. But it seems likely that, though there may have been individual cases of mate exchange, separate inventions, you might say, from the time there first were mates, swapping as an organized cult with a self-conscious philosophy is relatively young.

Like all secret movements, its history is obscure and contradictory. The important point is that though the accounts of its past differ and its membership is anonymous, its existence is common knowledge, just as we "squares" know the Mafia exists and that people shoot dope though we don't know who, when or where.

It's hard to keep secrets in any age, especially one that's so inherently gossipable. No

matter how foolish it is for them to do so, people talk. They brag. They hint. And those around them listen and whisper their conclusions to the next guy. From the days of the first Elizabeth on, sooner or later the speculations invariably find their way to a printing press. To illustrate with a few examples from our own times:

Robert Heinleim's science fiction thriller STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND in which swapping is featured as the highlight and prime mover of the new uptopia.

Richard Condon's fascinating tidbit about the German habit of vehicular mate switching which he recorded in his INFINITY OF MIRRORS.

SWAP CLUBS, claimed to be a factual documentary of American swingers by its authors William and Jerry Breedlove. If their claim is true, the book is a real shocker.

A forthcoming book entitled EXPERIMENT IN MARRIAGE by Robert Rimmer which is the ne plus ultra of sexual experimentation and will make our great grandparents gyrate in their graves.

Future generations will know our generation swapped, no doubt about that. In fact, with the tendency to exaggerate which historians share with the rest of us, our era will probably be regarded as we now regard the Romans, as the last word in depravity. You and I will be portrayed in the fiction of the future as being so sexually insatiable that we could not get through an evening without exchanging bed partners two or three times -- to the cheers and applause of a fascinated audience.

It stands to reason, therefore, that since we have no records of historic switching, none was going on. We certainly have almost frighteningly detailed accounts of our ancestor's other means of sexual indulgence. We know, for example, precisely what the Duchess of Pembroke felt for stallions and Johnson's famous biographer Boswell has left us detailed instructions on how to take a street walker standing . . . and what our chances are of catching a resultant case of the clap. The Romans were pretty well pleased by their sexual cunning, so naturally details abound. But even though the Victorians were public prudes and hypocritically tried to maintain an image of chastity and disinterest in the purient, the secret leaked out in a thousand private journals. The question is not, as old fashioned scholars once were conned into believing, that there are cycles of immorality and purity. Every historic period contained a good deal of sexual hanky panky. What changed was the amount and kind of publicity the hanky panky received. Sometimes it was fashionable, sometimes not, but it was always present.

Swapping stands out from the rest of biological frippery because of its organized, social nature. Swappers aren't unique because they want more sex than they're legally entitled to, that's yawningly common, but because they want to make their extra helpings of sex legal and bring them within the boundaries of formal family life. No one has attempted that since Brigham Young.

Most of us are content to squeeze our sexual vagaries into the on-going life around us. It may be a trifle uncomfortable but so are a lot of things. It may cause a good deal of resentment at the time, but people make allowances.

Swappers, on the other hand, are attempting to change human emotions and human living patterns so that they are congruent with switching, a neat trick, if it can be done.

Jealousy and sexual hatred are primitive emotions, they claim, brought about by ignorance, frustration and repression. They plan to do away with the whole works. Swapping is the means that will achieve this end. Jealousy, they go on to say, is the direct parent of warfare, race prejudice, economic strife, religious intolerance, everything, in fact, except bad breath. Sexual varietism (one of their stock phrases) puts zest into marriage. And zest evidently cleanses the system of noxious emotion. A unit of two couples, three couples, four, five . . . adds strength and security to the family plan. Exchange marriage broadens one's intellectual horizons and mellows the instinctual reflexes.

How or why switching brings to pass these excellent goals is never explained. Much, however, is made of the fact (they call it) that only the truly creative can comprehend the values of and provide the emotional flexibility for successful swapping.

To many a cynical square (non-swapper) it seems there's precious little difference between the Victorian mustn't and the Swapper's must.

Both approaches to sex suggest a timidity in the face of social pressures. Indeed, swapping is more a reflection of our increased over-socialization than of moral decadence.

Switchers daren't be alone, even then. They require constand support from an ever present, approving social group. Perhaps they are the final outcome of David Reisman's other-directed person. From the time he could walk he's lived a group life: nursery school, kindergarden, Sunday school, scouting, elementary, junior high and high school, school clubs, college, fraternities and now swap clubs. First he was forced to trade in his own individuality for group acceptance. Now he doesn't know how to be a person without a group. Alone, he feels empty. All his life he's strived to feel what he was told he should feel. He's become such an expert in manipulat-

A Dilly From Philly

The City of Brotherly Love has never produced a more lovable doll than Billie Tyler -- a real dilly who's determined to see her name high in show-biz lights . . .

You'll soon have a chance to see her in action yourself. She's got a meaty role in a new film. We don't know the title but can you forget her?

Billie's single and intends to stay that way until her career is thoroughly launched. "For new romance, yes --- but marriage, definitely no."

With a song in her heart, preferrably rock n'roll, a swinging outlook on things, charm that oozes from her, talent and an insatiable lust for life, you can bet you'll be hearing about this dilly from Philly again and again.

MISTRESS OF THE GODS

Her womanly charms and beauty were so outstanding that even the gods fought for her . . .

We live in the Age of Beauty Aids. Helen of Troy was an archetype in the Age of Beauty. Without the help of Listerine and Dove Soap, Maybelline and Lilt, the safety razor or a see-through bra; and though she lived three thousand years ago, Helen was enough in herself to be remembered still. Hers was the face that launched a thousand ships.

She was born a princess, admittedly not as rare a feat in those days as it is today. And she was born in Greece which, everyone knew, was the center of the world.

Consider her, gentlemen, and lament, for her kind are no more. They are extinct; dead as the dodo. But once she, and they, could make a fool immortal with a smile--or the world tremble with a glimpse of bare bosom.

Now she and all her kind are dust and harmless and, no doubt, it is just as well. The Bomb and various other gadgets make warfare too ruinous for the world to afford another Helen of Troy.

But a man can't help but speculate about the terrible desire she could ignite in a man.

How she came by this power is easy enough to relate. She was bred to it. She was raised to it. Nothing less was expected of her. Public schools and Sunday schools, the Girl Scouts and later Sorority Sisters and Mamas and Daddies, whenever they are around, train our young ladies to be pretty and agreeable and nice and to be, in all ways and as much as possible, inoffensive. But in those days they had stronger tastes. The opposite sex was expected to be the kind of women that turned men into heros.

As for Helen, describing her is more difficult than understanding her. Even before she was ready for a man, the gossips were whispering that she was too beautiful and too untamed to be the daughter of dour, careful King Tyndareus. No, No, they muttered, Queen Leda must have had a lover.

Slyly the old men and women looked among the courtiers and searched their memories for visitors to court who might have done the King's work for him: a man with a face or passion or movement as fluid as the young nymphet's; but there was no one. No more than might be expected, the gossips decided one drunken night. No mere man could sire such a child. She was too perfect. A god it would be. The great Zeus himself must have been the one to have fathered Helen.

If it seems unlikely to us that even a drunken old man would conclude that a god could come down from the heavens to lay with a woman and beget her child, remember that today men do not make war for the right to make love to a girl. Let the conclusion stand for an indication of the kind of woman we are speaking of.

As she bathed and oiled her skin and combed her long hair in the company of her mother's attendants, Helen must have heard the rumors that she was a bastard and the daughter of a god, and being of that sex, she probably believed them.

The stories gave her chin a tilt and her walk a strut. She had scarcely swept into her twelfth year, when Theseus, a politically powerful man caught sight of her playing in the sea. He kidnapped her on the spot, trussed her up like a lamb for market, threw her over his saddle and galloped at top speed for his estate in Athens. Helen's family arrived in the "nick of time." Helen thought the whole episode was a delightful compliment and upset everybody by refusing to be frightened.

Small wonder cautious Tyndareus feared for his kingdom. Helen, unmarried, was an open invitation to plunder. But getting Helen married required choosing from among her suitors. If Tyndareus weren't careful, he could easily create a hundred enemies and only one friend. His daughter, if she were his daughter, had all the brave young men wanting to be her husband. Each brave young man had his own circle of supporters. Each supporter had his own sword and spear, shield and mount; he was perfectly willing to use them.

Tyndareus' solution was a minor masterpiece of diplomacy. Before he allowed Helen to marry anyone, he declared every suitor must vow he would honor the marriage and help the victor protect his property from poachers.

Which of her would-be lovers Helen favored is a mystery.

We know who she got and it's not likely he was near the top of her list. His name was Menelaus. He was neither fierce, nor handsome, nor wealthy, but a good-natured, kind-hearted, loyal lad whom everyone liked but with whom no one felt very competitive. Menelaus had the good, homey virtues that really count, but what toothsome fifteen-year old ever cares about homey virtues.

Until his marriage Menelaus was a poor relation in his own family. His father-in-law had to give him a portion (Sparta) of his own kingdom so that Helen could claim the title queen.

Tyndareus had been right enough in his judgment of men, no one disputed his choice of a son-in-law. Unfortunately, he underestimated Helen. She felt that the daughter of a god deserved to be swept off her feet by a young princeling or that Tyndareus should hold an Olympics Games so that she might marry the victor, or send her young men to distant lands to achieve impossible feats. Instead her mating had been surrounded with all the wooing and ardor of a shepherd choosing the blood lines of his prize ewe. As far as she was concerned Menelaus was a ninny with a hand-me-down title and she determined to better herself at the first opportunity.

None the less it had been fourteen long years she'd slept all alone. She was tired of being a virgin. Menelaus would do for now.

And apparently Menelaus was what she needed for her body welcomed it by blossoming into volcanic loveliness. She grew high, round breasts, full hips and an unusually strong back. Menelaus grew very happy indeed and made the mistake of believing that because he was happy, Helen was happy also.

Into this deceptive pattern of domesticity one day came a-knocking a Greek prince who could have been twin brother to Michaelangelo's David. His shoulders were well-developed, his hips slim, his head proud and his eyes angry. He was called Paris and his father, Priam, ruler of the island kingdom of Troy, was a king with the notion that a young man should learn his father's trade from the ground up. After five long, grueling years herding sheep with the other young men of the island, Paris was out on vacation and raring to go.

Would you, if you had a wife like Helen, especially, if like Helen she were often found staring moodily out to sea or giving strangers a curiously hopeful stare, would you bring such a man home for supper?

Menelaus had the curse of all good men. He lacked an awareness of what might be. A few amphoras of wine in the market place and hail fellow well met. "Listen buddy, you gotta come home and meet the little woman. She's a gas."

When Paris first saw Helen, he jumped and his nostrils flared like a stallion's.

Menelaus didn't notice, but Helen did and she must have thought Paris would act like a stallion in other directions as well, because that very night at supper, she developed a raging headache and sore throat. She did hope this wasn't inception of a serious illness, because she had been so looking forward to accompanying Menelaus to Crete to be present at his grandfather's funeral--even though she didn't know his family and this would be an inauspicious beginning.

Poor Menelaus! He ordered Helen, sternly, to remain behind. Then he tapped Paris on the shoulder, as one buddy to another, and requested him to complete his vacation on Sparta to look after Helen and keep her from getting bored.

Paris allowed he'd do his best and Helen looked down into her lap and smiled.

Every country has its own notion of hospitality. If they had been Eskimos, Menelaus would have wanted his wife to provide Paris with all the comforts of home. To the Greeks, hospitality was a reciprocal code. Guests had their share of obligations and one of them was to not make love to his host's wife. The Greeks had a name for it. They called it adultery, too.

Regretably, his first look at Helen had seared all memory of obligation in Paris.

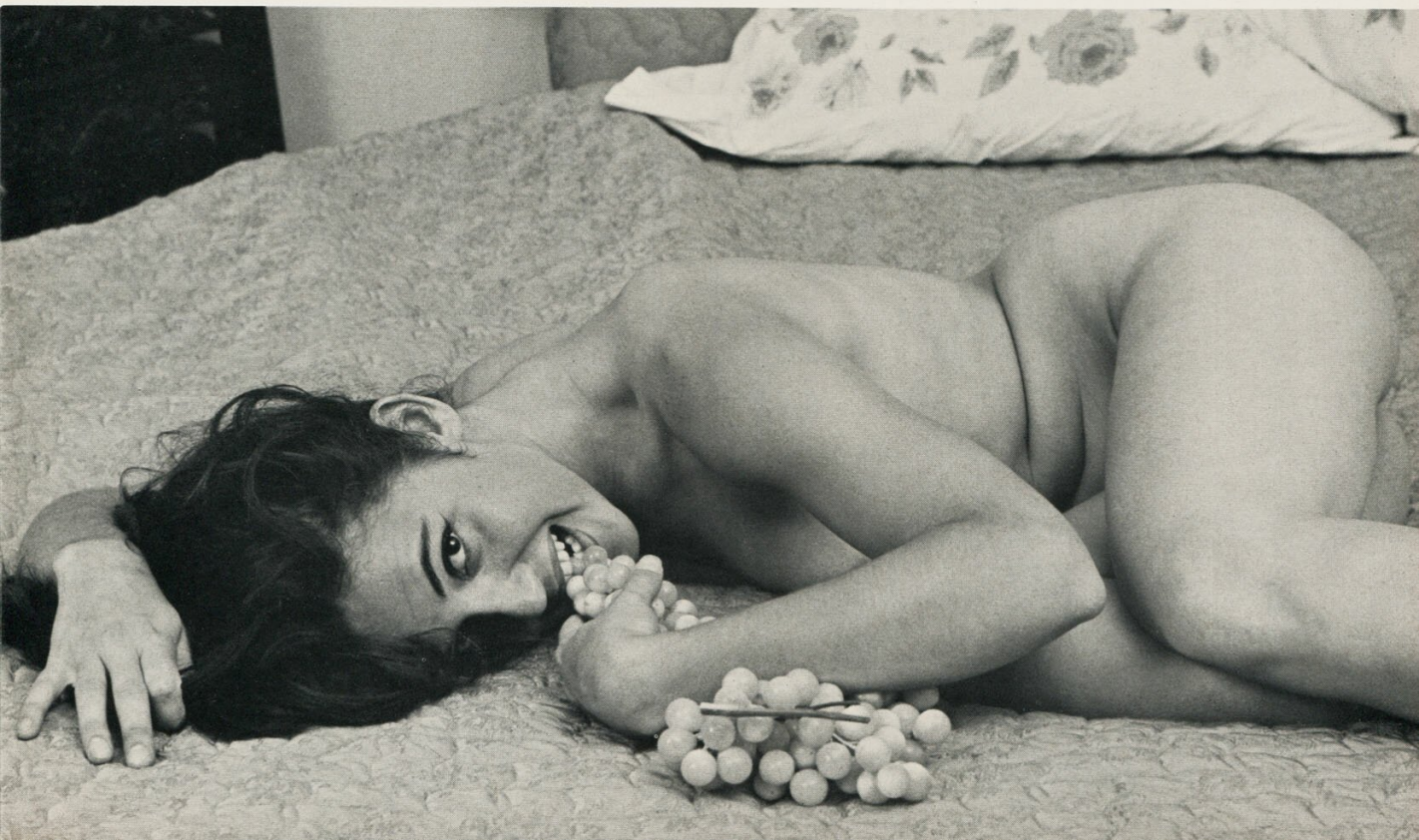
He went with Helen down to the landing to see Menelaus off.

FANNY

GET YOUR GUN

Grab that rifle off the wall, Fanny Cole! The hunting season's on and we know you love stalking big game.

There are furry bears, big bucks, stag and lots of other lusty quarry you'd like to mount on your wall. And you won't get your share sitting at home playing with your toes.



About the only thing Fanny won't stoop to hunting is the opposite sex. "It'll be a cold day in hell when I have to catch me a tiger."

Zanny, canny, Fanny Cole --- one of the most hunted huntresses after big game in swinging Hollywood . . .

TO SWAP OR NOT TO SWAP *(Continued from Pg. 29)*

ing his own feelings that he doesn't know what is from what should be.

Perhaps not typical, but certainly symbolic of the whole movement is the case of a man in his thirties who introduced his barely twenty year old, toothsome, wife to his switch club. She didn't try to dissuade him, and she seemed to enjoy the notion of multiple sexual experiences, but the only way she would participate was if her husband stood outside the door shouting permission and approval while she had intercourse with the other club member. Talk about doing away with the problem of the jealous husband! And what did her poor sap of a husband get out of the arrangement? A reputation for being the least jealous and most generous man in the club.

A swapper wants everybody to love him: his wife, his wife's lover, his mistress, her husband and, if possible, all their relatives, including great aunt Cynthia who is a maiden lady and whose ways, after sixty lip-pursing years, he tries to change. This bland assurance of infallibility coupled with a craving for ubiquitous affection is a twentieth century American disease. It infects our foreign policy, plays havoc with our domestic politics. The swapper merely has a worse case than the rest of us. It has invaded his instinctual behavior making him feverish and delirious. Few of us would deny the charm of the world the switchers are trying to create, but most of us are skeptical of its possibility.

The Victorians, and the Romans, too, unabashedly hated their sexual rivals and thoroughly lost their temper when they were cuckolded, even as you and I. In fact they went a bit further than you and I would dare, permanently doing in the offenders. That wasn't very social of them, but at least they knew what they felt when they felt it.

The difficulty is, the swappers don't. Long repressed jealousy suddenly explodes and there's jolly chaos splattered for miles about. Husbands go chasing their wives about the streets with loaded revolvers. Wives go chasing their psychiatrists screaming for electric shock therapy. Eventually everybody runs for a lawyer and the whole mess is dragged through the courts.

The amount of fuss one was allowed to make about being jealous has varied from culture to culture and from time to times, but there has never been recorded a human society in which jealousy didn't exist. Just as there has never been a human society in which hungry men didn't hate. Desire and rage go hand in hand for the very reason that rage is the natural reaction to denial of desire. The point being that rage can be better dealt with if it's recognized and taken into account during the planning stage of one's peccadillos.

The main disadvantage, then, to swapping has nothing to do with morality but is a matter of hygiene. Swapping is repressive. It's a deliberate attempt to distort normal emotions. To an extent swappers can succeed in their goal, just as the Chinese succeeded in foot binding and the Victorians succeeded at frigidity and the Plains Indians succeeded in forcing acceptance of torture. But in every case, the price wasn't worth the game.

Switchers were emotionally repressed before they became a part of swapdom. A non-repressed man wouldn't be able to, far less want to, stand outside a bedroom door urging his wife on to better feats of adultery. Few non-repressed men would even be able to enjoy a babe if they knew their wives were out shacking up with other men. Albert Ellis, who tried to see the switchers in as favorable a light as possible, couldn't help but observe that both male and female swappers felt sexually inadequate, requiring continual "proof" of their powers of attraction and a chronic need to feel powerful during sex.

The fact that both male and female switchers need to conquer sexually, suggests that the emotional undercurrents in the clubs are murky for reasons other than jealousy. Those of us who have close friends in the switching movement are only too aware that their tenor ranges from dissention to all out insurrection.

Unfortunately, the switching life continues and provokes the same kind of repression that drew its members to it originally. More unfortunately, even a swapper can't repress one emotion without repressing the rest of the set. The net result is that eventually the switcher's sexual life suffers. Impotence for the men and frigidity or incapacitating depressions for the women happen all too frequently.

It would be nice if we could persuade the swappers to jump into the human race with the rest of us. It's not all kisses and honey, but it's there and it's all we really have. "The rest is fantasy and hallucination.

Competing for a mate, whether as companion for an evening or for life, adds just about as much zest as most of us can stand. And a little healthy hatred of a rival male who comes sniffing around where he's not wanted, may not feel comfortable, but is more likely to get you the female in question than a phony attempt to love your competitor like a brother. "Take her, I like to see people enjoy themselves," says the swapper choking back a sob. This after-you-my-dear-Alphonse business is for the birds.

The essence of the sexual drive is to be there fustess with the mostest. That may be a very primitive emotion, but, by george, it makes the rest of them worth while.

MISTRESS OF THE GODS *(Continued from Pg. 13)*

He heard Menelaus tell his wife with gruff affection, don't worry about me, I'll be devilishly lonely without you, of course, but the main thing is for you to hurry up and get well. Paris waved in response to Menelaus' wink of good-by and stood on the deck with Helen watching his host's ship sail out of sight. When they could see it no more, he led her to his own ship and made her his mistress before they set sail in the opposite direction for Troy.

Helen enjoyed her second honeymoon much more than the first. If she experienced guilt feelings, they haven't survived the centuries for us to learn about.

To take any mistress is to incur certain unavoidable expense. In his own case Paris knew when he took Helen to bed, he was perpetrating an act of war, and not just with Menelaus. More than a hundred men had vowed that if they couldn't get Helen, no one else would.

One might expect that under the circumstances, Paris would find himself in disrepute with the folks at home. Instead of being angry, all of Troy fell in love with her. Old men came to the Palace and hung around the walls in the chance of seeing her pass by and the king, Paris' father, swore he would never let her go. The very few courtiers who advised that she be sent back to Menelaus were called cowards and regarded as traitors.

When Menelaus returned home, he suffered two losses, his wife and his innocence. He discovered, belatedly, that some men will take for no other reason than wanting, regardless of harm or honor and he discovered that kindness is not enough when dealing with women.

He sent ambassadors to Troy demanding his wife's return. They were received with laughter and sent packing. Then Menelaus sent out a call for arms. All of Greece and some not of Greece answered his call. Eventually a thousand ships sailed for Troy and on every inch of deck space stood an armed man.

The Greeks thought it would be a short fight and an easy victory. The love-sick Trojans didn't think at all.

As things turned out, they were ten years fighting for possession of Helen's person. They fought so well and with such a will that they came to believe the gods were on the battlefield with them. And this, they said to themselves around the campfires at night, was not so strange. After all, it's common knowledge that Helen is the daughter of Zeus. And some whispered that she wasn't born like an ordinary woman but hatched from a large, sea-blue egg. Others swore she wasn't Zeus' daughter at all but an ancient goddess reborn in the form of a woman . . . They all agreed that she was the most beautiful woman in the world and both sides loved her. The Greeks told themselves, Helen secretly favored their cause and longed to return home with them. The Trojans saw her every night when she came down among the soldiers to let them glimpse what they were fighting for.

The sight of her was like food in their bellies and fresh blood in their veins. Each morning they rushed out of the gates of Troy like new men. And when Paris was killed in battle both his brothers fought each other for the right to assume husbandship of Helen.

Despite their superior numbers, Helen's effect was so great that it took a ruse to conquer Troy. Did you ever hear the saying "Beware a Greek Bearing Gifts?" Perhaps "Don't Take any Wooden Nickles" originated on the beach of Troy.

Whatever the saying, the Greeks did build a larger than life size, wooden horse; and a classic James Bond type hid in its hollow interior. After the Trojans had dragged their "war trophy" within the city's walls, he unlatched the secret door, sneaked out and opened the gates to let the Greek army in.

His plot carried the battle. The Greeks stormed the city destroying Troy and ending Priam's empire. All Trojan men, women and children were killed and ground into the rubble of the city. Helen's new husband was discovered and horribly mutilated before they finally allowed him to die.

Menelaus headed straight for Priam's palace and his wife. He had officially proclaimed that he would put her to death. But Helen held out her arms to him, and he forgot his oath. When the fighting was over and before they put Troy to the torch, he took her by the hand and led her down to his ship.

His comerades-at-arms had seen Helen only as a girl and the sullen bride of Menelaus. Seeing her for the first time in the full surety of her sexual beauty, no one reproached her for the friend he had lost or the blood he had shed. They called her the flawless, all glorious woman, and they rejoiced to have her back. They said it was right that men should die for such as she because she had the face of divinity.

The price of marriage is well-known--it is drudgery. The price of taking a mistress, as we have said, varies from woman to woman. With Helen, the price was an entire nation's death and the terrible, most awful part of it was that no one minded.

Menelaus took her back to Sparta, installed her in his palace--and his bed--and she later bore him a child.

Helen caused no more wars but the gossip continued. There are no tales of a middle-aged Helen of Troy. They say the gods loved her as much as Paris and kidnapped her to Olympus, granting her immortality, so she might please them forever.

One thing is sure, she is not living now.

Silkie The Stocking Sultress

Hose are getting sexier and sexier these days. At least when Silkie Jones' sculptured stems are inside a pair -- net, sheer, colored, or what have you . . . . . .

We're happy to report that the Hose Society of America agrees with us. You see last year Silkie was elected Miss Stocking Sultress of 1966 . . .

Ever since Silkie ripened into full-blown womanhood at an early age her gorgeous legs have been the talk of the town. Today, in leg modelling no one can top her.

Silkie has other assets equally as laudable as her unusual legs. That's why to the "in-crowd" she's known as the young lady with everything just the way things should be.

EXOTIC IMPORTED ART FILMS

8MM 8MM

#1 ART FOR ART'S SAKE
Jean Spaul & Pamela Green
50 ft. $4.

#2 CAT'S CRADLE
Rena Scott, 50 ft. $4.

#NN NIPPONESE NUDE
Reiko Taka, 50 ft. $4.

#4 MAKING HAY
Paula Page, 50 ft. $4.

#CD CHINA DOLL
Yum Yum, 50 ft. $4

#9 EXHIBITION
Lorraine Burnett,
75 ft. $6

BHR #1 BATH HOUSE RITES, 100 ft. $8

BHR #2 BATH HOUSE RITES, 50 ft. $4

#10 MODEL MECHANICS
Paula Page & Avra Bennett
75 ft. $6

#12 SHOW TIME
Lorraine Burnett,
75 ft. $6

#14 WITCHES BREW
Rita Landre,
100 ft. $8

#GG GEISHA GIRL
Shirley Kwan, 50 ft. $4

#15 TOO COLD FOR COMFORT, Karin & Bibbi,
50 ft. $4

#17 MONTMARTRE NIGHTS, Bea Bea Chu Chu,
75 ft. $6

#21 THE FRENCH MAID
Ann Walker, 75 ft. $6

#102 COVER GIRL
Erica, 100 ft. $8

#105 I SPY
Paula Page,
125 ft.
$10

#106 GAMBLIN' GIRL
Briget Leonard,
100 ft. $8

#107 DOUBLE EXPOSURE
Maria Clarence & Jane
Mathews, 150 ft. $12

#104 NAUTICAL NUDES, Paula Page & Caron Gardner
100 ft.
$8

From the glamour capitals of the world . . . from passionate Paris, steaming Soho, the thrill temples of the Far East . . . come these exciting, devastatingly thrilling and all-revealing films! They're what YOU'VE been looking for — they're the ones you thought you'd never get in this country! Every film supercharged with EXCITEMENT! Every film guaranteed imported!

FREE! FILMS OF YOUR CHOICE

- Select one 50' film **FREE** with $24 to $49 order.
- Select any 3 films **FREE** with $50 to $75 order.
- **SPECIAL** — Order all 20 films and receive **FREE a 400' film of 5 luscious**, young European Beauties. THIS FILM IS AVAILABLE ONLY WITH **AN ORDER FOR ALL** 20 FILMS.

- **GORGEOUS IMPORTED FULL COLOR SLIDES** Photographed by the world's leading exponents of the **art of glamour** photography. Full 2" x 2" mounted size. **Set #1** — 40 slides, assorted **exotic Oriental Nudes, $10. Set #2** — 40 slides assorted, fantastic **European Nudes, $10.**

- **FABULOUS IMPORTED STILL PHOTOS** of the most beautiful models in the world. 4" x 5" size **printed on heavy weight** glossy paper. **Set #1 — 50 Nude Oriental models,** mixed **assortment $10. Set #2 — 50 Nude European models,** mixed assortment **$10.**

- **ALSO INCLUDED!** An exciting, revealing catalogue of exotic films, slides, stills ,etc.

SEE OUR EXCITING SPECIAL FREE OFFER

FAX FILMS

1008 NO. FAIRFAX AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046

Please send me the merchandise I have circled below. I am over 21 years of age. Enclosd is $_____ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order for payment in full. (Sorry no C.O.D.'s).

EXOTIC IMPORTED ART FILMS

#1 at $4, #2 at $4, #NN at $4, #4 at $4, #CD at $4, #9 at $6, BHR#1 at $8, BHR#2 at $4, #10 at $6, #12 at $6, #14 at $8, #GG at $4, #15 at $4, #17 at $6, #21 at $6, #102 at $8, #104 at $8, #105 at $10, #106 at $8, #107 at $12.

My order is $_____ Send me **FREE**_____

SLIDES: #1 at $10 #2 at $10.

PHOTOS: #1 at $10 #2 at $10.

Name_____

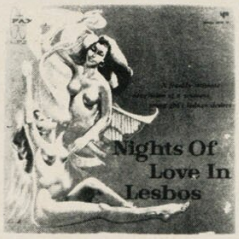
Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

RECORDS FOR ADULTS

These are must records for every serious collector, each one a fantastic, important masterpiece in the study of erotica... beautiful, exciting, revealing! Each a full size 33⅓ RPM Hi-Fi Record album.

3 NEW SPECIAL EROTICA SERIES RECORDS



NIGHTS OF LOVE IN LESBOS

A frankly intimate description of a sensuous young girl's lesbian desires. Voluptuous delights in a world of forbidden pleasure transform a young Grecian beauty into trembling submission. From "Songs of Bilitis" by famed French poet of "pagan manners", Pierre Louys.

SEX IS MY BUSINESS

The most startling and compelling record ever produced. Result of daring interviews with prostitutes, homosexuals, pimps and "Johns"; frank descriptions of their experiences, work, play, fears, anxieties, strange loves; in their own words. Tremendous, shocking!

EROTIC DELIGHTS OF LADY C

A masterpiece of erotica from uncensored text of "Lady Chatterly's Lover". Constance Chatterly bares her most intimate emotions as she tells of her erotic raptures and sexual fulfillment, exulting in every sensual delight. Dramatized by the sultry-voiced "Ilona".

YOU CAN NOW BUY THESE UNCENSORED RECORDS!

Only $4.98 each — All three only $13 (sent in plain wrapper)

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY

FAX RECORD CO., 940 NO FAIRFAX AVE., Hollywood 46, Calif.

Please rush me the albums ordered below. I enclose $_____, ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order (sorry, no COD's) payment in full. **If I am not completely satisfied, I can return albums within 10 days for full refund. (Please, adults only.)**

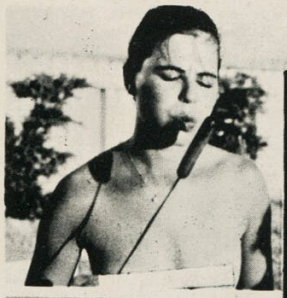
- ☐ SEX IS MY BUSINESS (FAXLP-1007) $4.98
- ☐ EROTIC DELIGHTS OF LADY C (FAXLP-1008) $4.98
- ☐ NIGHTS OF LOVE IN LESBOS (FAXLP-1009) $4.98
- ☐ SEND ALL THREE FOR ONLY $13.00

Name_____ Age___

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

California residents please add 4% sales tax



NOTHING HIDDEN

as NATURE Intended

NOTHING CENSORED

NAKED AND UNASHAMED!

"AS NATURE INTENDED" a genuine, actually-photographed-in-a-Nudist-Camp motion picture, is what **YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THIS IS THE ONE! THIS TELLS ALL... SHOWS ALL... ADMITS EVERYTHING!!!** Don't be misled by what others have told you... see **"AS NATURE INTENDED"** for the **THRILL** of a **LIFETIME!**

"AS NATURE INTENDED" is available in **8MM** size only, in 100′ and 200′ lengths, **UNBLUSHING NATURAL COLOR,** or **SHARP, CRISP BLACK-AND-WHITE.** The prices are: in **COLOR** — 8MM/100′, **$16.00,** 8MM/200′, **$30.00. BLACK-AND-WHITE** — 8MM/100′, **$8.00,** 8MM/200′, **$15.00. ALSO AVAILABLE:** Slide Sets, "A" and "B", **$8.00** each, both for **$12.00. STILL PHOTO SETS** (12 photos per set, only one set available now) **$3.00.**

you MUST be OVER 21 years of age!

FREE!!

WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF 200′ OF **"AS NATURE INTENDED"** WE'LL SEND YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE, A 50′ 8MM PRINT TAKEN FROM THE FIRST GENUINE NUDIST MOTION PICTURE EVER FILMED.

MONARCH ENTERPRISES

7906 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90046

Please send me the items I have indicated below. I am over 21 years of age. I enclose $_____

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O. (No C.O.D.'s)

"AS NATURE INTENDED" COLOR FILMS

☐ 100′ @ $16.00 ☐ 200′ @ $30.00

"AS NATURE INTENDED" B&W FILMS

☐ 100′ @ $8.00 ☐ 200′ @ $15.00

☐ SLIDE SET "A" @ $8.00 ☐ "A" & "B" @ $12.00

☐ STILL SET @ $3.00 ☐ SEND ME MY FREE FILM

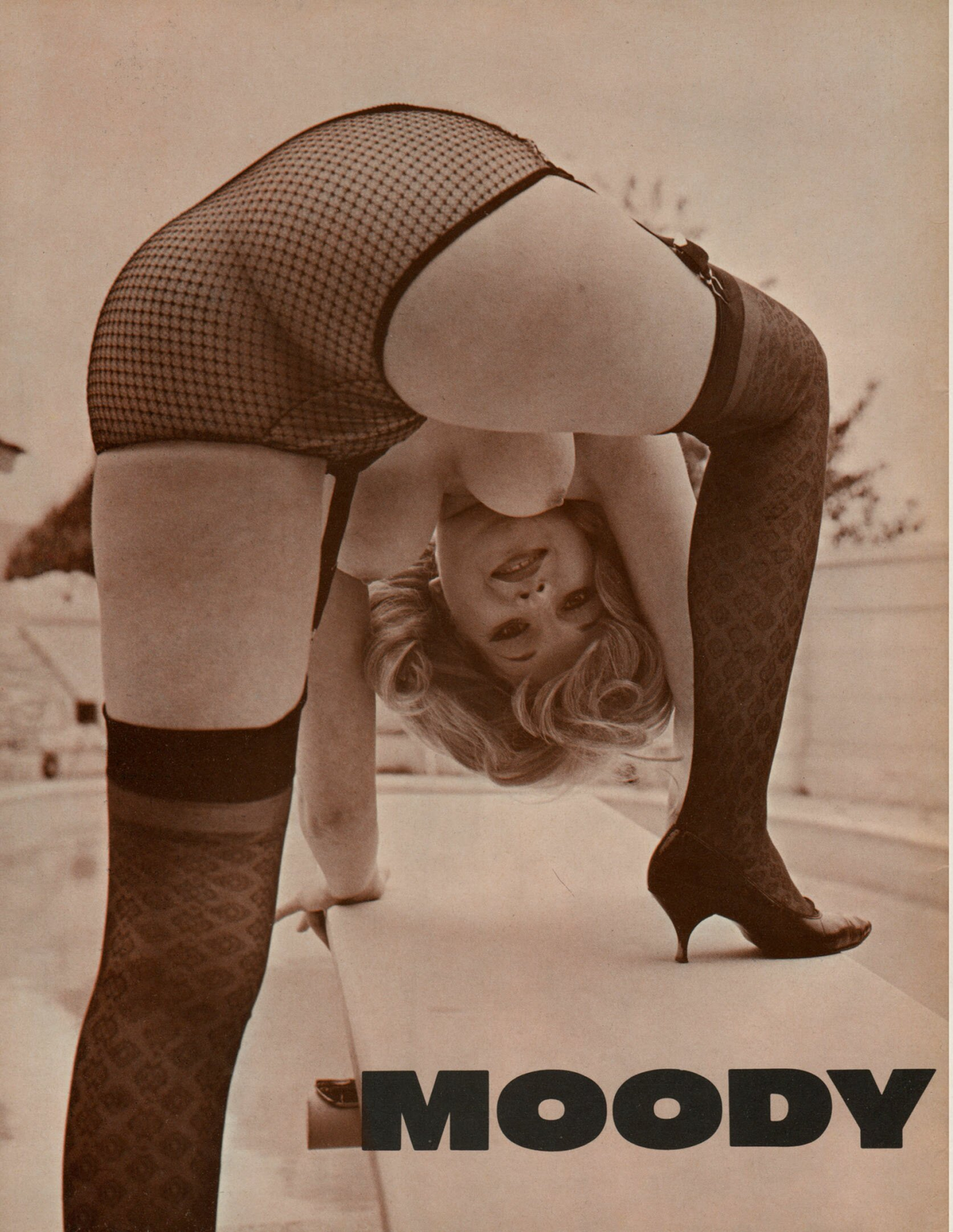
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Calif. Res. add 4% tax



MOODY MONA

No prude or crude men for Mona Latz -- "Artistry and broad-mindedness is what I expect to find in a man."

Raised with a silver spoon in her mouth, Mona's taste understandably leans towards the deft sort of tiger.

"Just because she prefers to call her own shots Mona is sometimes called moody. "Not true," says she. "I merely believe a gal has the right to be demanding."

GLORIOUS NATURAL COLOR AND SPARKLING BLACK AND WHITE!

SENSATIONAL NUDIST FILMS

BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST, MOST DARING BOX OFFICE BONANZAS! GIANT 100-FOOT SELECTIONS FROM THE THREE MOST REVEALING NUDIST MOVIES EVER PRODUCED! YOURS NOW FOR PRIVATE SHOWINGS IN YOUR OWN HOME!

THE PICTURE THAT PUTS YOU IN THE VIEWER'S SEAT!

BELL, BARE and Beautiful

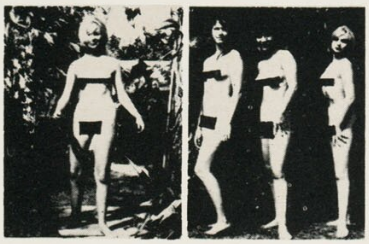
VIRGINIA BELL and 21 stunning international starlets—all at their natural colorful best!

Studded with 21 stunning, suntanned starlets and featuring America's mammarific exotic sensation, Virginia (48-24-36) Bell. See the Limbo danced in all its wild, raw glory plus a dazzlingly uninhibited view of the fun and games at a nature camp. Available in 100-ft. 8mm movies, color and black & white and 35mm slide sets.

Order Diamond "A" below.

Daughter of the Sun!

Introducing Miss Rusty Allen, the most beautiful girl in the world, and dozens of other visions of pulchritude in all their natural beauty!



Here is an Adam and Eve tale of young love and trouble, played out in the lush warmth of a modern, tropical Garden of Eden. See true nature lovers abandon themselves to the untamed joys of real freedom! Available in stunning color and black and white 100-ft. 8mm movies or 35 mm color slides. Never before available for home movie enthusiasts!

Order Diamond "B"below.

ONLY THE DARING EUROPEANS COULD MAKE THIS FILM!

nudist, inc.!

Oh! Those Continentals! Now in the U. S. for the first time and ready for home movie fans, the real, uncut scenes from European nudist camps!

Every foot filmed in Europe! Follow the Continental trail from scintillating Sweden to the riotous Riveria where girls and boys throw caution and care away with their clothing for a truly uninhibited fling the way nature intended them to! Available in fabulous 100-ft. 8mm color or black & white and in 35 mm slides!.

Order Diamond "C" below.

BOLD! BLUSHING! REVEALING!

But you don't have to stand in long lines to see these smash hits. Now available in 8mm movies and color slides for the first time, you can enjoy the three top nudist films in all their uninhibited naturalness right in the privacy of your own home. Share the thrills and excitement of life in nudist camps along with the carefree beauties and virile men who know the natural way is nature's way!

MAMMOUTH PROD., 6311 Yucca St., Dept. **BT** Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Please send the items checked below. I enclose $_____ I am 21 years of age.

These films and slide sets are for adults only. California residents, add 4% sales tax. All merchandise ordered is sent first class mail in plain wrapper. **BONUS:** We'll send you a free catalog listing other outstanding and unusual nudist films, slides and books with order only!

100-foot 8mm black and white: $8 for one; $15 for two; $21 for all three films.
Diamond A ☐ Diamond B ☐ Diamond C ☐

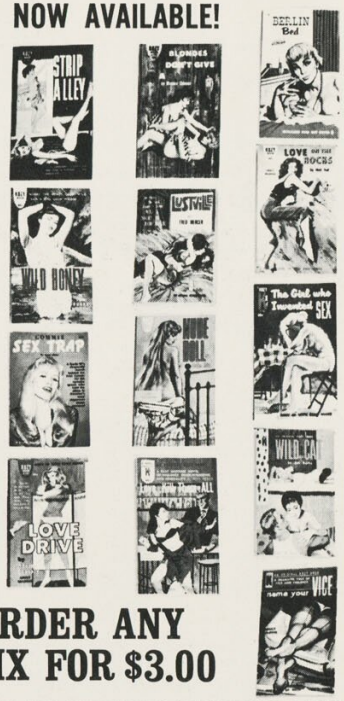
100-foot, 8mm reels in full color: $14 for one; $27 for any two; $39 for all three.
Diamond A ☐ Diamond B ☐ Diamond C ☐

35mm color slide sets: $8 for one; $15 for two; $21 for all three sets.
Diamond A ☐ Diamond B ☐ Diamond C ☐

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

A LIMITED SUPPLY OF COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS ARE NOW AVAILABLE!

STRIP ALLEY by Orrie Hitt (K-180) 60c
BLONDES DON'T GIVE A DAMN by Michael Skinner (K-179) 60c
BERLIN BED by Fritz Jantzen (EB-1101) 60c
WILD HONEY by Jon Burke (K-190) 60c
LUSTVILLE by Fred Mercer (BB-1239) 60c
LOVE ON THE ROCKS by Nick Tod (K-186) 60c
SEX TRAP by Roger Blake (B-1040) 60c
NUDE DOLL by Orrie Hitt (K-182) 60c
THE GIRL WHO INVENTED SEX by Aaron Bell (K-183) 60c
LOVE DRIVE by Adam Snavely (K-181) 60c
LOVE OR KILL THEM ALL by Nicky Weaver (K-188) 60c
WILD CAT by Jon Burke (K-187) 60c
NAME YOUR VICE by Nicholas Spain (K-189) 60c

ORDER ANY SIX FOR $3.00

Bonded Publication P.O. Box 77930, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007

☐ K-180 ☐ BB-1239 ☐ K-182 ☐ K-188
☐ K-179 ☐ K-186 ☐ K-183 ☐ K-187
☐ EB-1101 ☐ B-1040 ☐ K-181 ☐ K-189
☐ K-190

Please send the items I have checked, I enclose $_____.
Cash____Check____Money Order____(sorry, no COD's).
I am over 21 years of age.
Name _____
Address _____ City _____
State _____ Zone _____

A LIMITED SUPPLY OF COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS ARE NOW AVAILABLE!

GAY BOY by Edward R. Jacobs (NT-123) 95c
THE CIRCLE by Ray Wilde (FB-1002) 95c
FORTY DOLLAR WOMEN by Thomas Vail (NT-124) 95c
STUDIO OF LUST by Jack Evans (FB-1004) 95c
BLACK SILK HAREM by Sidney Samarov (FB-1003) 95c
PROFILE OF A PERVERT by Matt Bradley (J-214) 90c
LAVENDER LOVE RUMBLE by Lynton Wright Brent (FB-1013) 95c
THE SEX DEMON OF JANGAL by Lynton Wright Brent (FB-1007) 95c
FLAMING LUST by Lynton Wright Brent (FB-1008) 95c
HOT, WILD AND WANTON by Bob Burrows (FB-1005) 95c
BEACH STUD by Dave King (FB-1001) 95c
ANGELINA by Irving Lazar (FB-1006) 95c

ORDER ANY SIX FOR $5.00

Bonded Publication P.O. Box 77930, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007

☐ NT-123 ☐ FB-1004 ☐ FB-1013 ☐ FB-1005
☐ FB-1002 ☐ FB-1003 ☐ FB-1007 ☐ FB-1001
☐ NT-124 ☐ J-214 ☐ FB-1008 ☐ FB-1006

Please send the items I have checked, I enclose $_____.
Cash____Check____Money Order____(sorry, no COD's).
I am over 21 years of age.
Name _____
Address _____ City _____
State _____ Zone _____

A LIMITED SUPPLY OF COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS ARE NOW AVAILABLE!

RINGSIDE TARTS by Gary Corbin (FB-501) 75c
CONFESSIONS OF A SEX MANIAC—Anon. (BB-1000) 75c
ILLICIT BED by Fred MacDonald (F-62) 75c
PASSION IN WHITE by Richard Raymond (NT-3004) 75c
WHITECAP LESBIAN by Rick Raymond (B-723) 75c
SEX AFTER SEVEN by Mark Sade (EB-1106) 75c
RENDEZVOUS IN RIO by Vince Howard (NT-97) 75c
THE LAST TIME I SAW MARY by Gary Corbin (J-209) 75c
BALZAC '64—Volume one by Matt Bradley (J-205) 75c
BALZAC '64—Volume two by Matt Bradley (J-206) 75c
STATE OF TORMENT by George H. Smith (1312) 75c
ABC's OF SEX by Jake Lee (E-1001) 75c
THE BULL PEN by Judy Moran (P-102) 75c
HOT YOUNG LUST by Robert E. Paynes (NT-3003) 75c
HOMO HILL by Matt Bradley (J-201)
I WANT TO SIN by Vin Saxon (NT-3002) 75c
FLYING HIGH by Eve Linkletter (NT-3001) 75c
COSA NOSTRA CIRCUS by Gary Corbin (NT-98) 75c
NUDE RANCH NYMPHS by Gary Bolin (J-208)

ORDER ANY SIX FOR $4.00

Bonded Publication P.O. Box 77930, Los Angeles, Calif. 90007

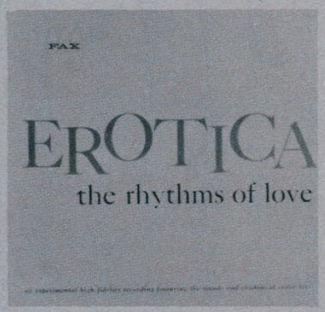
☐ FB-501 ☐ EB-1106 ☐ 1312 ☐ NT-3002
☐ BB-1000 ☐ NT-97 ☐ E-1001 ☐ NT-3001
☐ F-62 ☐ J-209 ☐ P-102 ☐ NT-98
☐ NT-3004 ☐ J-205 ☐ NT-3003 ☐ J-208
☐ B-723 ☐ J-206 ☐ J-201

Please send the items I have checked, I enclose $_____.
Cash____Check____Money Order____(sorry, no COD's)..
I am over 21 years of age.
Name _____
Address _____ City _____
State _____ Zone _____

EROTICA

Now There Are Two Erotica Records

Two of the most electrifying records ever produced, the famous EROTICA #1 and the brand new EROTICA #2, combine to bring you a panorama of erotic experience never before recorded. Never before have you experienced such heart-pounding delights; intimate, uninhibited, startling beyond description. Hear the actual, almost unbelievable sounds of erotic love, *the soft groans and sighs and whispered words that sting and lash desire* (... Ovid). These records pay full tribute to the beauty of man's greatest experience. The cries and moans of delight and despair, pain and pleasure, ecstasy and exultation, are a thousandfold more meaningful and more beautiful than any interpretive art.



A record famous the day it was released. The thousands who purchased it were thrilled by a bold and daring new adventure in recorded sound. Never has a record received such tremendous comment and acclaim. The sounds and rhythms of erotic love actually come alive in breathtaking high-fidelity. This record is a masterful epic of the senses. It brings you to the peak of the poetic ecstasy of creation. It is a startling, fantastic presentation you'll never forget. It is an exciting record, a true collector's masterpiece you'll be delighted to own. Order your limited edition album of this most unique recording today!

The record all America has been waiting for! Erotica #1, the record that "could never be equaled", has been equaled and in some ways surpassed! Erotica #2 starts with spine-tingling sounds of passion, pain and pleasure in tantalizing variations. Then Fax brings you the true unexpurgated sexuality of Elizabethan England and Scotland in the form of songs and ballads that boldly delight in the gratification of the senses. They are completely unashamed. And, there is yet one more surprise you must discover for yourself. If you are especially perceptive, you will find much more going on than you think. Order it now!

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!

FAX RECORD 940 NO. FAIRFAX AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90046

Please rush me the albums ordered below. I enclose $_____, ☐ cash, ☐ check, ☐ money order (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s) payment in full. IF I AM NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED, I CAN RETURN THE ALBUM(S) WITHIN 10 DAYS FOR FULL REFUND. (Please, adults only.)

☐ EROTICA, THE RHYTHMS OF LOVE (FAXLP-1001)
( ) 33⅓ RPM HIGH FIDELITY RECORD ALBUM(S) . . . @ $ 6.95
( ) TAPE(S): ☐ MONAURAL, ☐ STEREO . . . . . @ $10.95

☐ EROTICA NUMBER 2, PASSION, PAIN & PLEASURE (FAXLP-1003)
( ) 33⅓ RPM HIGH FIDELITY RECORD ALBUM(S) . . . @ $ 6.95
( ) TAPE(S): ☐ MONAURAL, ☐ STEREO . . . . . @ $10.95

FREE! SURPRISE BONUS RECORD IF YOU ORDER BOTH EROTICA RECORDS

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD 4% SALES TAX.

For each 33⅓ RPM Hi-Fi Album send only $6.95 to:

FAX RECORDS CO. ●

940 NO. FAIRFAX AVE HOLLYWOOD, CALIF 90046

Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro

or at **www.yootha.com**